



Me

and

Luminaria



Dedicated to my perfect father Aurel Ghiuș and his "youngest mother" Ioana, 25 at the moment of her death

Me

(To my friend M)

I'm in previous lifetime. A good friend is talking to me; she is passionate and I'm fond of her. We are in a carriage going through woods somewhere in Europe. Her hand rests on her walking stick. It's a beautiful walking stick with a round end made of silver in a form of a crane head and neck. I'm watching her hand resting on the bird's delicate neck thinking that whatever her sins that made her drag her limb, I'm ready and eager to assume them in my next life. I am a man, I can take it! I think: "God, if you want to take it on someone, please may it be me!" My emotions are overwhelming, but I manage to keep my face immobile. I look casually outside so the look in my eyes doesn't betray my feelings. All I can see is a never-ending Prussian forest.

My friend is quite all right in this lifetime; a bit too much so, maybe. She could use ~~nowadays~~ some intensity from her passed life, but this is the penalty for a good life. She has a certain stiffness of the self, a carelessness of taking everything how it comes. I know she is pleased with her life and I hope she is ~~also~~ happy. As for me I'm what I asked for: I walk with difficulty. My limbs don't listen to my brain and, anyway, my brain has holes in it, which make it incapable to give the right orders. Too much tension is induced into the muscles, so I cannot use them properly.

Now, my name is Diana. The ancient Hindu got names for all the stages of Yogi Meditation, one of which was contemplation, they called it Dhyana. Couldn't be more appropriate! I can't do many things in this life; I'm merely contemplating others doing them. Let alone hiking, running, skating, dancing; I cannot coordinate my movements well enough even to do easier things like playing the piano or learning basic Thai Chi movements.

But most of all I cannot find a way to express myself! That's what's bugging me! All the rest: the others despise, the men that didn't responded to my feelings, the crude mockery of children - Tolerable! But my soul shouting left unexpressed - just unbearable!

I try to imagine God, in all his might. A loving father. With a plan for his creation. I have a difficult time imagining Him... I have read somewhere that feelings are vehicles to accede to Gods. Perfect harmonic feelings lead to perfect harmonic conscience of the All. For humans the one who came closest was Mozart - Requiem, purest harmony on Earth. I wonder how many lives before I can sing harmonies like that, how much time before my disaccorded soul finds some peace.

Sometimes I pray for me to die smiling. For some reason I believe that's important to me, like making finally peace with God. In the very end! Maybe we've made already peace and I've

failed to recognize it, too occupied to fight my own demons. Maybe there was peace all along and I fought the war with myself, barking at my own tail for so much time that my jaws hurt. But these are all intellectual deductions; I don't FEEL the peace or the harmony.

And that is disastrous because In this lifetime I'm a trader. Forex trader, to mock Bond. As I see it, making money by online trading it's what I must do this lifetime. That is the only way for me since I am not equipped for anything else, since no one has ever hired me to do anything. I suppose I could also write, but I'm not good enough to get paid for my trouble.

As a given, to have success a trader must be on the same beat with the market, for market IS music. It's not good music - never glorious, never heroic - but music nonetheless, complicated and seductive and very, but you know, very, very moody. You can be on the same beat with the market. All my demos are living proof of that. Easy, no sweat! But don't ask me about my real accounts!

So, I thought, what I need is a very tangible and personal experience of success for my trading, but my present life is such a failure, that is almost impossible to find it anywhere here. What a loser, right? Still I always have had glimpses of moments from other lives and the feeling of utter triumph, that I need now, was among them.

But it is only a glimpse of a feeling and if I'm to succeed with my trading I need more than a transient feeling, I must have the whole context. I must know more! And luckily I even know how: through self-hypnosis.

II

Today I have hypnotized myself as thoroughly as I could and have once again, this time almost controlled, travelled in time to my passed life, the one with the memory of my friend in the carriage. And again I felt that moment of utter invincibility! This time all encompassing, full of vigor and full of details, so strong that 10 hours later it's still buzzing in my veins. It's a good buzz! Liberating! I have this overwhelming feeling that I will succeed in whatever I want to do. Success is inevitable as a train crush when you sit in a car on its tracks. It's no brainer stuff; you just have to keep on living to experience it.

This full memory was as follows:

I am in a dark room with a complicate entryway which I hate. I am young and so unhappy that I've took some time off only to decide whether I should kill myself or I should bear what's coming over me.

Now, here I am: alone by my own choice, far from home, in a strange room trying to find a shred of hope for happiness in my future. I felt utterly discouraged ever since I came here, not knowing if the hardships that I know will come are bearable or even worth fighting with. This whole week I thought it would be easier for me to just wrap it up here.

Tonight though, I feel young and strong. I am filled with a new vital force, a new courage and I know I will prevail whatever destiny will throw in my way. The success and even the greatness will be mine and the only thing I have to do is to keep on living to experience them.

But I also realize that the future will be so hard to bear that any happiness or even joy might be stripped away from my success when it will happen. Every young man wants to succeed, not at this price though.

But basta! From today no more complaining, just bearing. A heavy and bitter triumph is filling my soul. I feel that tonight the shear life force has defeated the perfect arguments of reason that took months to build up and I'm wondering sarcastically whether this would qualify as faith.

This was the context in which the invincibility feeling had its roots and the reason why I made this trip in my distant past. Somehow I knew where it was and how to access it. A breach in time has cracked and I couldn't just close it, because now I wonder how many more feelings and associated memories has my subconscious stashed away.

I am determined to explore my subconscious inch by inch or moment by moment to be exact. I repeat all memories of last life and I find out that the feelings and ~~the~~ their life moments begin to become more clear, as I gain some control over the whole process. Now, to explore on, from the end to the beginning:

Here I am dying... in my previous life... really dying. A titan crumbling, but still fighting! With all the sorrow, furry, rage, un-peace, unwillingness, reluctance, with unresolved feelings for life and furious resolution to fight death till the last breath. I've recognized too well those feelings. They were my faithful companions ~~almost all my present~~ my entire life. In this lifetime I've always felt ~~as having been~~ stuffed in this skin unwillingly. With no alternative, forced to be where and when I didn't want. Likewise in that moment before crumbling I felt I was forced to leave my ex-body when I didn't want and how I've never wanted: still unexpressed completely.

Utter sorrow, despair, fury, rage: I have resolved those feelings finally in this lifetime some years ago. So today I've succeeded to remain immune to them all: the feelings simply are not mine anymore. I've gently detached my feelings from that death and I went on to explore an earlier time. It turned to be a completely unrelated one:

A busy "lumpen"(what is "Lumpen"?) where everybody was speaking loud with everybody else and the confusion was the dominant feeling. I had a coffee near my hand and a small glass with some clear liquid, the source of confusion. There were dirty walls, dirty tables, dirty glasses, and dirty people everywhere. A young friend of mine is in front of me shouting something I cannot understand. I feel unease, then fury. I wish I was elsewhere. I feel so lonely in this crowd and so tormented. A deep despair and inutility is slowly overwhelming my heart. When the feeling becomes unbearable, I abruptly get up and run like a lunatic in the street, home. I close the door and I crumble crying on the floor. Life is so terrible that I will welcome death when it comes. [A promises that I did not keep]

An earlier moment: at my new home. It is a surprisingly clean and luminous place. Lots and lots of natural light in a big, big room that I measure with large steps: I'm delighted. I have the sweet feeling of things being right and pleasant in this room, my study. I caress the room with my eyes, walk to one window and open it. It is spring and the air is gentle and filled with perfumes from flowers in nearby trees. I feel happy, at peace. Only grateful joy and bliss! These are rare feelings for me.

I'm one of the brothers. We are many, poorly fed, poorly dressed, with only 2-3 years of schooling. Everything is dark and dirty, the stairs of our house too. We kids loved to play on those stairs. In winter all the kids in the neighborhood would come there to play. I am sitting there alone, with a warm piece of pie in my hands that my mother gave me before with the wise advice to eat it before my brothers' return. I am 3 or 4 and that complicity with my mother was the most important, sweet feeling I ever felt until then. For me it is not a piece of pie anymore, but a sign of my mother's care and love for me, me as a person. And I feel proud and happy and wanted and special. I've always loved her unconditionally forever after.

Another moment, another life:

I get down of my horse with one fluid movement, graciously and elegantly as an exercise of style. A servant comes quickly to take my horse. I'm still young and I feel even younger running up the stairs of my new mistress' castle. I possess her as I eat. No big deal. Love have nothing to do with it, for either of us. It is a passe-temps. And time... I have! And fortune. And wealth. And power.

(To my father with beautiful anticipation)

I'm on a street in a conversation with a baronet I know by far. He's a distinguished witty man, still good looking at his late 40-ties and I secretly promise myself to be like him when I will reach his age. He's very spiritual and our fortunate encounter puts me in an excellent disposition immediately. His bright remarks are succeeding in a wild avalanche and my conventional smile turns fast in an almost uninterrupted laughter. By Jove, I can't understand how his mind works! It seems like good champagne: one joke after another after another as bubble near bubble near bubble. It would be immensely interesting to know this man closer. I'm grasping for air between two jokes with the neat conviction that all I want is to have the same wit myself. And unfortunately all my money can't buy it! I realize then and there that I respect something after all: mind! Bright mind!

I'm in a dark dungeon full of screams and mourning and the insane sounds that roasted human flesh is making. Siffler comme les poissons! These words are swirling on and on in my head. I'm physically sick and I make a superhuman effort of will to listen to chief interrogator's verbal report about the newest confessions of complotists. Though I hate his guts, I don't dare to look anywhere but in the eyes of the old officer; what I saw entering this torture room when I came in will be enough to keep me awake for months and months. I'm not a good man: I never thought I would care for any other human being and I have been beating servants for disobedience all my life, but I've never imagined one human can turn another in a sizzling mass of meat. I have also never killed anyone, but I need all my self-mastery to not kill his majesty's officer d'une seul coup, maintenant! Then I'd free the mourning soul trapped in that irreparably damaged body, now raw meat really.

I'm alone in my music chamber. I enjoy my clavecin ("Harpichord" in English). I love music! If it would be considered a "serious occupation" for a "noble marquis" I would pursue it with great dedication, because nothing else captures my imagination so vividly. This is the only way I can express myself utterly. One of our Kings was himself writing ballets. But again, he never heard what the nobles were saying in his back. He would have abandoned his hobby if he did. I will never be the stock of laughter at court!

So pity, though... It is nothing in the whole world I would rather do... And somehow I envy that king for his courage to openly share his heart with everyone. Everyone that mattered, anyhow: the court.

I'm with my mother. She is amazingly beautiful and smells like flowers. I cuddle in her arms and remain there unwilling to break this bond. I am happy! And complete.

I'm gutted and beyond pain. I wait my inevitable death eagerly. I know what a wild pig can do to its victim and I pray that my friends, not my woman will find my body. There is no reason to cling to life; I turn my eyes to the sky and let myself go. It is spring and I pass out gazing at the clear sky.

I am kneeling near my woman's bed. She's more beautiful than I ever saw her. Exhausted, but radiating. She looks younger and happier. Completely transfigured; her skin is almost

translucent and her breast looks like giant apples. But I see my boy sleeping on her other breast and everything else becomes meaningless. Now we're both transfigured and when our eyes encounter we look at each other like we have been blind to each other's beauty until this moment. I realize our love will end only in death.

It's our first love night as spouses and we're one. Our sensations merge into a single being, a happy being that has no boundaries and no end.

(To Nicu's emerging manhood)

I'm dancing on a jumpy sprightly melody and I watch her with the corner of my eye. Her fair braids are jumping up and down with the music. She is the most beautiful girl I ever saw. She is not from our village and Lord knows when I will see her again, if ever. She smiles to me and I feel I melted down inside. If I would not be dancing I would run to hide somewhere. You must never let a girl find out your feelings.

I'm just a boy and an uncle takes me to check out his traps. We find two rabbits and we hunt down also a pheasant that just happen to be in our way when we return home. If we're caught on nobility hunting land, even empty handed, we risk death. But my uncle does this for decades and he was never caught. He said I am quick to learn and for myself I like everything about: I felt free and happy the whole day. I know I found something I will love to do with my life. As only nobles are entitle to do.

(To my mother and all the karma between us)

I'm ready. In my best kimono, with make-up and smelling like cherry flowers I'm waiting for my master's visit tonight. The old servant who helped me prepare the room and dressed me is encouraging me. She is too old to bear the rape which my master calls love ~~night~~, but she heard stories from other women. I try to smile to her reassuringly, but she knows better. She leaves with a broken heart. I open a coffer with wonderful cloths, I pick the most resistant one; I wrap it around my neck and around a support beam. „Now my master can come“, I think letting myself go.

I'm holding my baby to my breast. He's babbling for himself something I will never know. I feel his warmth and smell that milky scent of healthy babies. My boy! I imagine him growing up without me, first young boy, then young man. By then his father will teach him to be as merciless and ruthless as he is. Even if I would live until then, my son would be taken away from me. I am just a servant girl with no saying in the education of the master's bastard. Because this is my son: the sixteenth bastard of the mightiest and cruelest ruler in this forgotten province. And our lord is determined to have an army of sons to protect him, it is cheaper than hiring samurai fighters.

It is dawn and I have no more tears. This night I've understood why the other women are fearing to please our master. He's not man, not even animal. I'm curling down from pain, promising myself to not bear this a second time.

I'm feeding the fish from the yard's pond. I take my time, because I love this part of the garden. It is my only joy since my father died and mother sold me away. It is so hard to be a servant at this „jinkun” as he likes to call himself. I am here since I was 10, three years already and except for these few moments of bliss each day, my life has been only work and hopelessness. Even a tiny fish does as it pleases and a young girl cannot.

My father has taken me to the village where he will buy a new cow. If there's money left over, he will buy some cloth for my mom to make us new clothes. He is gentle and kind. This is the first time when I have his undivided attention and I enjoy every moment with him. He genuinely likes me and I love and respect him. I pray god he doesn't like any cow today, maybe we'll come again next week...

The men who held me firmly are waiting for someone to come. To watch my death, no doubt. My mother-in-law has paid for the show and now she will come to watch it: from the front seat. My mind is working feverishly. They disarmed me, after killing my guards. Rhetoric is my last weapon left. I plead for my life, I threaten them, I lure them. No effect. They want power, not wealth: the kind of power that can come from the unconditional support of a new regime. They will kill and reign together. I realize they will discard my mother-in-law as soon as they will have a chance. I fear for my son's life. Now I've abandoned any hope to save my life, but I think how to warn my mother-in-law credibly, so she has a chance to protect effectively my son whom I know she loves. But she is too eager to finish with me and my rule. As soon as she enters and our eyes meet, I know my time is over. She nods and a sharp pain is burning my chest.

It is night and I watch my sleeping city from the high of my new stellar observatory. My rule is good and fair and I feel proud I did everything I've promised my father I will do in his name. There is peace, people are happy, wherever is wrong-doing ~~did those who make it know~~ they will pay for it and whoever does a good deed is helped and honored. Learning is accessible to all, nobody is suffering and everyone is thriving. I summon my father's spirit to see his beloved town how it is today, he can be proud of his son. Maybe my newly born son will summon my spirit in due time.

I ride alongside his sublime highness my father. He's the ruler of all these beautiful lands we paced all day. No one in these parts of the land knows who we are and when he shrewdly asks them about their life the inhabitants are telling the truth for sure. Today I've learned from my father more about ruling the people than in a whole year from ten scholars. After subtly testing my knowledge about al-qur'ān and the history of our family, he began to show me how he listen to every soul he meets in his way. Seeing him talk with craftsmen, peasants and soldiers I've realized that knowledge is only the first step in learning to rule a country and all I've mastered in the last six years was only the foundation. Everything I was so proud about: learning Latin and Greek and French, mathematics and poetry, reading all the history and reciting by heart the holy verses, everything – only the begining... To begin to care for your people. Ruling is understanding and helping the people for which you are responsible. I feel so humble, so eager to learn from my father.

I'm in the beautiful garden of our family. I'm amazed by the glitter of the water in the sun. This fountain with streaming water is the most striking thing for me. I love water, its playfulness in motion, its stillness in rest, its ever changing form so unlike anything else. I caress it with my little fingers and its delicate resistance feels like my mother's dress. I remember her and a deep sadness overwhelms me.

I'm in my little half buried room and I die alone of old age. It is dark. I don't know if it is night or I can't see anymore. In fact I don't care; this death is my friend. I was waiting it for years. It comes like pleasant cold water and I simply sink in it. I remember some words I've heard when I was young: a good death. We used to make fun about. I remember the laughter and I die smiling.

I'm with a man. He whispers and moans in a total selfish abandon. Then finishes quickly, pays me and goes away immediately: my rules. His money will last for couple of weeks. I don't have great needs, only the food and the water, although nowadays I prefer the wine. I'm almost old and like the wine I'm better. I feel a sense of pride. I never married to be free to perfect my art. Never regretted a single day.

I'm young and fair. I pick my lovers and I'm good at what I do. I'm not ashamed. I please ~~to~~ lords, artisans and merchants alike. I've learned many things from them: poetry and music and painting, self governing and noble behavior. But especially that everything people do can become an art. So, what I do can be considered to be a form of art too. And I improve my art by simply keeping on doing it and learning every day.

[For Dana or Donna or whatever name my friend will take in the future with all my affection, friendship and gratitude]

I'm very old and my body begins to stiffen. I am in the position of the lotus. I said my farewells to everybody, designed my successor and now I'm ready to let myself go from this vessel. I get out through the sahasrara opening with no regret whatsoever.

I'm old and I am responsible for the welfare of this monastery. A daunting task, tedious and time consuming and I'd rather like to let it to someone else in order to have time for my yoga development and for the thousands of Buddhists writings that the monastery protects. I love so much the knowledge and spiritual growth over administration. I see the beautiful valley below and I ask myself how many years have passed since I went there just to enjoy a sunny day.

I'm so missing my friend's companionship. I'm trained to discard my feelings, but such dark melancholy is shrouding my soul that tears come to my eyes. I feel so lonely and tired that I might as well lie down to die.

My friend is dead, trapped in an avalanche. A week all the monastery looked for his body in vain and today I had to halt the search: I have to protect the living. But my soul is filled with despair. I wanted to see his face one last time and make all necessary ceremonies in the presence of his body. Now we'll have to do this in the presence of his robe. I feel like it is the end of an epoch and that the happy, sunny days are but a memory. Like my friend.

Today our beloved master died and pointed to me to succeed him. I still wonder why, but I'm so proud as anyone can be. My friend's joy surpasses mine by much. I'm frightened. It is a great responsibility, too great for me maybe. But I promise to myself no one will notice this. And no one will curse my lead. Ever!

Today is a sunny day and my friend and I are in the valley enjoying the warmth of our short summer. We discuss Buddhist concepts and I admire his wit. I state my own opinions the best I can and I see in his eyes the same admiration and pleasure of companionship that I feel in his presence. I feel free and happy... and proud of him, of me, of our education. For two sons of mere peasants we have reached far in the subtleties of Buddhist thinking.

I play on the hardened ground of our small street with my friend. I'm happy and grateful! He, once again, brought me food when he came playing with me. I somehow know he hasn't eaten and that is all his food for the rest of the day. I split the chunk of food in half and after a long debate he accepts to eat it. For me, that's the only meal for the day and if was not for him I would have to beg for my food throughout the village.

I don't have the power to bring the rest of the fishing net back into my boat. It's a big capture that I can't miss. I gather all my forces, but the heavy net is pulling me into the water. I don't want to let it go and I die trying.

Today it's a religious celebration in our village. We're almost all of us fishermen and our ceremony is modest, as our desires. We ask for the fish we can eat and for some more to trade for much needed tools we cannot make ourselves. Life is harsh and the Gods far away.

It's early morning and the sun is rising slowly over the waters. That's my favorite time of the day. Every little wave reflects back the sun and everywhere I look it's only glittering water, a whole ocean of dancing light. I feel charmed and happy and in peace with my life.

I sit on a little wood trunk and my father is sitting besides teaching me on how to repair fishing nets. It's not hard and after a little while he praises me for my work. He calls it "work", but for me it is like playing, ~~but you have to be more careful~~. I'm happy because I get some time alone with him and I can ask him about fishing and sea creatures, about our ancestors and our Gods and how the world came to be. He knows so many things that my head is spinning after a while.

I fall in very shallow water, but I'm face down and I know will be not long until I drown. I plant the rice alone today and there is no one to help me. I cannot turn myself and the inevitable comes: I inhale water. A sharp pain is engulfing my chest and spasms begin to shake my body. I die arms stretched as embracing my dear rice field.

I take my son to a fair nearby. I look at him as we walk and I thank Gods for him. He's kind and good looking - like his mother. A gentle man and a hard worker - like his father, I think proudly. I tell him all these and thank him for what he does for his family. I see a sparkle of pride and happiness in his eyes and I feel he is touched. He also turns red, ashamed like a woman. I hide a smile and change the subject.

I'm at the village temple doing some repairing at the statues representing the Gods. They are so many deities that the priests themselves cannot count them.

While working I take time to thank most of them for the happiness of my family. I thank the earth for the abundance of my field. And I also thank my ancestors for their protection. Because I am a happy man! I feel and think and act like a happy man! And all things I do, even tedious labors, become easy to do and pleasant. I feel full of joy and easy going and light as a feather. I have so much happiness in my heart that it's a blessing simply in being alive.

I'm with my friends. We are young and loud and noisy. We work in the field and laugh all the time making fun of each other and trying not to remain in debt with the words of spirit. Today they have another subject: I'm in love with a girl from another village and they've found out. I respond to their jokes, but my mind is not with them. I see her image all the time in the mind's eyes, more true than their smiling faces nearby. Everything I want is to be with her. Forever.

My torso is hit by an arrow. I can feel it through and through. I saw many wounds in my life and I know this is a mortal wound. Everything left to do is to kill as many enemies before my power leaves me. I firmly plant my legs into my horse belly; I never mistreated it and after a small hesitation it doubles his speed. I rotate my heavy weapon cracking open many heads before another arrow splits my neck. I drop my weapon and fall on the ground. My head blows in the next split second.

We near the plains where we left our wives and children. We are victorious and we bring many treasures with us. We're eager to share them with our families and to rest with them for a while. We sing manly songs that make us share a sense of togetherness and overcame hardships. This feeling wipes away the ugliness of the battle and the memory of people we've killed. And of those I've killed...

I'm alone riding my horse with complete mastery. I can split any target from two hundred feet, I can change horses in full run, I can fake death and let myself be dragged by horse on the ground before I climb up again and surprise the enemy. But more than all I don't have to train with my father anymore. I've worked hard to gain the privilege to be taught by our best rider.

And now here I am, free of my father and on my way to become a respected warrior doing what I love the most - riding the horse. I'm relieved and proud and I feel free at last.

My father is training me for fighting and each day when we return home I have new bruises and new cuts and every part in my body is aching. My life seems an infinite mountain of pain for me to climb. I feel trapped and caged. And there isn't anything I can do about it. The only way out is to man up quickly, if I want to live. I don't know for others, but I want to live! And I will do whatever it takes.

I'm a child and I am with my mother. She sings gently before I fall asleep. My father enters the tent and grabs her away from me. He smells like a goat and I soon hear my mother crying from behind the sheep-skin that separates us. Violent terrible things happen there and I start crying myself until my father comes and throw me outside in the dirt. I sleep alone outside licked and warmed by the dogs. I know I will never cry again.

I'm alone with this barbarian that is already smiling satisfied thinking of his prize. He feels very sure of himself, but I'm not raised like any other girl. With a swift move I steal his blade from his hip. He's stunned in surprise and I could risk an attack on him, but he's a big guy and I don't like my odds. I cut my throat instead.

I'm with the other vestals taking care of the temple. Our life is simple and serene. We have duties, but also a lot of free time for ourselves. Today we went outside the temple on a little hill to sit and have fun, to eat together, to chase one another like we used to when we were children and of course to gossip about the people we knew and about who married who. Hardly and delayed(?), but the gossips reach everywhere. Now I laugh with all the others, but most of the time I regret leaving behind the world I knew since I was a kid, my family and my destiny as I've imagined it would be.

We are, my father, two of my older brothers and I, setting traps for rabbits in the field. My small fingers are ideal for this. Even when I was too little to be of any use I would ask and plead and beg until my father was taking me along with my brothers wherever they went. So, even if I'm the only girl in our family, he raised me as boy. Now I have more nerve than most girls, because I have around me an army of older brothers to protect me at any time. I also have much more freedom than most boys, because I can refuse a task whenever I want. Well, maybe not really refuse it, but I can complain long enough till things resolve to my liking. Shortly, I'm happy with my life and I like my status in this family of mine.

I'm an Egyptian woman, I'm a roman army commander, I'm a silk ware merchant in Northern Africa, I'm a shepherd somewhere, I'm a dancer elsewhere, I'm a servant in Ur, I am an early Jewish priest... A pious me, a merciless me, a humble me, a proud me, cunning me, a stupid me...

I went to so many lives today, that I start to feel like a magician who is pouring out of his shirt wave after wave of handkerchiefs all tied with the next one. All these were people with their lives, their reasons, their limits, their interests, their hopes and fears, none of which are mine anymore. I have the distinct feeling that I could do this all day long, I could reveal life after life like peeling an infinite onion.

But, what's the point in doing this? After some time I began to realize all those lives and all those "me" were merely handles. For the handler to know-imagine-be all those experiences, to grow a new understanding. But who is the handler? Could I, me today, have nothing to do with the handling job? Can I continue with my life as before, after feeling all those me and having all those terrible, sweet, heart breaking, shocking or delightful experiences? To be fair, I cannot claim my old innocence anymore. I have to face the conclusion: I am the handler, am I not? We are all handlers of our experiences. Ultimately, we are the sole beneficiaries of our experiences and of our lives.

I now see the past lives as steps in a process. They are like our home steps when we were kids in my previous life. A whole life playing on a step, then death. Then again playing on another step a little bit higher. And on and on... like musical scales. Good music is only movement of soul.

The same is life: Some structure and a lot of feeling.

The question is this: can we change the structure by changing the feeling?

reviewed and annotated by Dana

Luminaria

Einstein spunea ca o problema nu poate fi rezolvata la nivelul la care s-a creat. Il cred pe cuvânt si incerc sa-i aplic zicala cu privire la aparitia mea pe Pamant: Cum dracu' am ajuns in rahatul asta in primul rand? Hotarasc, ca Buddha sa nu parasesc meditatia pana nu aflu raspunsul. Sunt intr-o stare de hotarare de nestramutat si in petrec un timp dorind atat de intens raspunsul ca ma doare sufletul. Chiar cand cred ca corpul o sa cedeze si o sa izbucnesc in lacrimi, minunea se produce si in fata mea apare ceva, sau mai curand cineva.

Urmatorul lucru care sa intampla e ca sunt antrenata cu toate simturile in observarea detailata a personajului si a unei intregi scenarii care-l inconjoara. Primul lucru pe care-l observ e ca suntem intr-un loc public (Nu stiu de ce imi trece prin cap ca la Galati, cand eram mica ziceam "pupilica" in loc de "public". Singurul context cunoscut mie al cuvântului public era WC pupilica, caruia nu pricepeam in ruptul capului de nu i se spune pipilica, cum ar fi fost normal. Dar, oamenii mari sunt oricum cam dusi cu capul...) Deci, ma aflu intr-un soi de restaurant cu lume rasfirata care mananca degajat si eu stau vis-a-vis de un tip tanar, in his mid 20ties, spilcuit, elegant si ingrijit ca un dandy in plina glorie. Mananca tacticos, cu gesturi studiate si pare a se delecta cu un gand razlet care ii face placere. Totul in atitudinea lui denota eleganta, rafinament si multa degajare. Il privesc cu sentimentul ca il stiu de cand lumea, dar nu stiu de unde sa-l iau. Ma simt cumva sau ma vede cu coada ochiului la un moment dat si toata degajarea lui se duce pe apa sambetei. Se holbeaza la mine cu ochii cat cepele, innecandu-se si nevenindu-i sa creada ce vede in fata ochilor.

- Tu aici, baigui aiurit, nestiind cum sa atraga mai putina atentie. Vorbeste o limba placuta cu multe tzatzaituri, plescaituri si pauze. Cumva o inteleg si mi se pare c-o stiu de cand lumea. Imi face placere s-o aud rostita de el. Continua in aceeasi poticneala melodioasa:

- Mi-au zis ca se poate intampla sa vii inapoi ASHA ..., face un mic gest spre mine cu o expresie profund dezgustata pe chip.

Pare atat de comic in ravaseala lui aiurita, ca incep sa rad din toata inima. Si razand imi vine in minte chipul lui aiurit de pe timpul cand era copil si imi reamintesc cum imi placea sa il uimesc in toate felurile posibile, doar ca sa-mi bucur inima vazandu-i stupefactia trecand in incredulitate, apoi in vaga suparare, apoi in hohote de ras.

E fratele meu mai mic! Revelatia asta ma ia prin surprindere si o groaza de amintiri ma asalteaza. Mama a murit cand el era foarte mic si a crescut cu mine, de catre mine. Ma uit la el ca la o minune. Imi amintesc ca acum m-am intors dintr-un loc de netolerat, dar unde tatal meu imi spunea ca se uita la mine ca la o minune a lumii. Imi dau seama ca fratele meu de aici e prototipul tatal meu de-acolo si a baronetului plin de umor din Franta si tatalui meu pe cand eram in Japonia si a fratelui meu mai mic pe vremea cand nici macar nu stiu unde eram, tot ce stiu de atunci e ca amandoi calatoream intr-o caruta cu roti de piatra; el fascinat de miscarea hipnotica a rotii de sub el, eu privindu-l cat era de mic si gandindu-ma ca e doar in grija mea de acum si intrebandu-ma cum o s-o scoatem la capat fara parintii nostri cand eu insumi abia trecusem in adolescenta si nu stiam pe nimeni altcineva.

Toate astea ma coplelesc brusc. Imi amintesc ca am venit aici dintr-un prea plin de nefericire acolo unde eram.

- Nu mai intorc acolo, zic dintr-un elan de furie dezamagita. Vorbesc in limba lui, clar si raspicat, ca si cum n-as fi vorbit niciodata o alta.

Pare naucit cu totul de desclarația mea. Se uita precaut in jur si apoi imi sopteste ezitant:

- Nu cred ca se poate ...

In vocea lui e atata tristete ca-mi trebuie toata stapanirea de sine sa nu ma ia plansul.

- Hai acasa, imi spune precipitat.

Si dispare.

Nu merge nicaieri, nu se ridica macar unde statea, doar dispare pur si simplu. Ma holbez la locul gol din fata mea si observ ca nici macar nu avea un scaun. Asta ma face sa examinez locul pe care statea. Acum ca ma uit mai atent pot distinge o forma difuza vag scanteietoare, cu marginile ceva mai clare decat restul, dar forma asta era transparenta si suprapusa vizual pe miste roci acoperite cu o planta rosiatica care seamana cu o iedera toamna. Chestia rosiatica se impleticeste prin tot localul sustinand asa zisele mese si asa zisele scaune si cazand mai apoi pana la podea. Prin podea, printre frunzele rezletzite se zareste o prapastie ametitoare in care ma pierd cateva clipe cu imina cat un purice.

- Drace! Imi murmur in barba Daca generatoarele de camp n-ar lucra, toata shandramaua s-ar prabusi in prapastie.

Imi pica fisa dintr-o data: Asta sunt frunzele rosiatice - generatoare de camp. Chiar nu-i nimic intre noi si prapastie! Tocmai chestia asta da popularitate locului asta: the thrill.

- Ei, ce faci? Nu vii?

E din nou in fata mea, nerabdator cu un strop de ingrijorare in glas.

- Se pare ca nu mai stiu unde! Si nici cum ..., ii zic incurcat.

- Esti varza, frate!

Ma apuca un ras nebun. Asta ma elibereaza de orice retinere:

- Da, sunt varza. Acum nu te mai da mare si aminteste-mi cum naiba se face! Cum ai facut de ai disparut de aici?

Ridica din umeri cu aerul ca cineva il intreba cat fac doi si cu doi.

- Intentionand, frate! Numai intentioneza sa fii acasa si o sa fii acasa!

Apoi realizand cu cine are de a-face se corecteaza:

- Intentioneaza sa fii cu mine oriunde sunt! Asa m-ai gasit in primul rand.

Vreau sa-i raspund ca habar n-am cum l-am gasit in primul rand, dar dispare iar, inainte sa am timp sa scot vre-un sunet.

Intentionez din tot sufletul sa-l regasesc oriunde ar fi si decorul se schimba intr-o clipa. Ma regasesc pe o terasa intinsa, toata numai flori de toate felurile, a carei capat indepartat se pierde printre niste nori purpurii.

Norii purpurii de acasa! E terasa mamei! Cu norii ei purpurii, si sutele de flori ale mamei pe care eu si fratele meu le ingrijim in locul ei, pentru ca n-am putea indura terasa asta fara florile ei, daca tot trebuie s-o induram fara prezenta ei.

Sunt acasa! Dumnezeu, dupa cat timp?

- Cat timp a trecut de cand am plecat?, ma trezesc intreband.

Il caut din priviri. Sta langa izvorul care se imprastie bland si molcom mai apoi in toata gradina. Inconstient, sta in locul favorit al mamei, ca si cum ar incerca sa ia putere din locul ala, ca si cum l-ar putea ajuta sa-mi explice mie, cu creierii mei varza cum stau lucrurile.

Mi se face brusc foarte mila de el. Vreau sa-l imbratisez si sa-l imbarbatez cum faceam de atatea ori.

Asta ma trezesc facand, pentru ca asa am intentionat, numai ca de data asta, spre oroarea amandouara, bratele imi trec prin umerii lui.

- Ce naiba se intapla?, zic uitandu-ma uluit la propriile mele maini. Nu vad decat o substanta alb-verzuie sidefata si translucida, ca un camp de energie, care imita prost niste maini.

- Corpul tau e la institut, imi explica repede.

Brusc, o mie de amintiri imi inunda mintea. Institutul, hotararea de a construi o lume, de a crea cea mai minunata muzica creata vre-odata si de a ma intoarce triumfator in lumea mea. De a ma intoarce victorios cu toate experientele, vietile, creatiile si intelegerea la care crearea unui univers imaginar le presupune. Ale mele pentru totdeauna. Mii de vietii din care poti alege apoi constient, pe indelete, ce vrei sa tii minte, ce vrei sa uiti, ce vrei sa ramana doar pentru tine, ce vrei sa impartasesti tuturor si ce vrei sa se stearga pentru totdeauna, pana si din rapoartele stiintifice pe care nu se mai uita nici dracu' niciodata, dar care se arhiveaza oricum.

- Mi-au zis ca te-ai putea intoarce, il aud zicand incet ca pentru el. Dar n-am crezut o clipa ca se va intampla ...

Se aseza jos, langa izvor, secaturit de puteri.

M-an uitat la incalceala semi-fluida de energie care eram. Aratam destul de crancen sa sperii pe oricine, daramite pe cineva care ma stia de cand se nascuse. Incerc sa salvez ce se mai poate:

- Acum poti, pe buna dreptate, sa ma strigi "Uratule!", zic impaciutor.

Incepe sa rada, amintindu-si de jocul sau favorit cand era mic

- Jur sa n-o mai fac, zice razand.

Intentionez sa stau in spatele lui, de asa maniera incat sa ma vada cat mai putin si m-a trezesc printre boschetii care bordeaza izvorul de o parte si de alta. Il aud rasufland usurat si il simt detensionandu-se.

- De aici am se plec la institut sa afu mai multe, am spus precaut. Dar daca tot e s-o fac pe prostul cu cineva, prefer sa fii tu cel cu care discut. Ce-mi poti spune despre toate astea?

Se codea sa vorbeasca, ca si cum ar fi fost prea mult ce-i ceream. Am hotarat sa fii cinstit cu el:

- Trebuie sa stii ca nu-mi mai amintesc mare lucru, dar ascultandu-te si vazandu-te imi revin tot mai multe amintiri. Nu-i nevoie sa fie ceva tehnic, nici macar ceva exact, dar am nevoie sa stiu macar cat stii sau iti amintesti tu, inainte sa stau de vorba cu cineva de la institut.

A oftat odata din toata inima, ca si cum s-ar fi resemnat dintr-o data si cu o voce la inceput molcoma si alba care devenea apoi tot mai vehementa pe masura ce-si amintea, a prins sa-mi relateze ce se intamplase. Cum mama murise si ne lasase unul altuia, cum traiam fara griji, bucurosi sa adancim arta si stiinta deja create printr-o truda altora, "cum e si normal" spuse ridicand putin glasul. Dar, din pacate, continua el relatarea, exista unii oameni, chiar intr-o societate libera, indetulata si cu multe, multe posibilitati de a fi fericiti, accentua el cu naduf, unii oameni sunt prea nebuni sa-si accepte fericirea si privilegiile si vor sa inventeze propriile universuri in care vor sa creeze ceva unic, care n-ar putea fi creat fara iluzia oferita de acel si doar acel univers.

Mi-a spus cum am aplicat la institutul de explorari mentale in speranta ca proiectul meu de univers sa fie considerat suficient de important sa justifice implicarea atator energii, aparate si a altor nebuni, care n-au alta treaba decat sa-i sprijine pe primii, dar care macar "nu risca sa vina acasa ca masa galganda de energie", zise el privind piezis peste umar catre mine.

Mi-a zis cum m-a vazut transfigurat de fericire la vestea ca proiectul meu fusese selectat, desi el nu intelegea in ruptul capului cum ideea de a te trezi singur si fara nici un ajutor intr-un univers strain poate stimula creativitatea cuiva si cum o civilizatie de orice fel poate incuraja asa idei traze ale unor membrii evident traze ei insisi.

Imi mai povesteste ca m-a vazut ultima oara adormit in tancul de staza, unde corpul meu sta si acum, fara mintea mea creatza, desigur si fara partea mea energetica, care ar trebui sa haladuiasca prin

universul creat si nu pe alaturi bantuind si sperind de moarte rudele si asa nefericite. E foarte vehement si otzarat, "pana la Dumnezeu si trei palme mai sus " cum ar fi spus tata, cu care tanarul asta seamana tulburator de mult.

Il privesc si imi dau seama de cat de tare mi-a lipsit si cate trasaturi de-ale lui am putut atribui celor familiari mie din multe, multe vieti.

Incheie spunand cat de singur s-a simtit cand a revenit fara mine in casa goala si cat ii e de greu fara mama si fara mine.

Emotia ii gatuie ultimile cuvinte si dintr-o data imi vine sa-l tin in brate ca atunci cand era suparat cand era mic. Renunt imediat la gand si intentia stopata la jumatate nu se mai concretizeaza de data asta. Rasuflu usurat, i-am facut destul rau copilului asta. (Oricat m-as trudi nu mai pot sa il vad ca pe the cocky young man de la pranz, pentru mine e acum, ceea ce a fost mereu: "copilul".)

Dar relatarea lui succinta si-a atins scopul. Imi amintesc cum ultima explorare celebra, inainte sa plec, facuse furori in societate, imbogatise arta cat o mie de alte explorari anterioare si initiase o nebunie totala soldata cu sute de noi cereri de explorare din partea celor tineri si nelinistiti ca si mine. Eram unul dintre norocosii acceptati si mai stiam ca imi jurasem sa infrunt iadul insusi pana sa ma intorc acasa cu ceva pretios, atat unic incat numai eu sa-l pot crea si atat de valoros cat sa-mi imbogateasca civilizatia. Era ceva ce facusera mii inaintea mea si nici macar unul nu se intorsese fara sa-si indeplinesca visul pentru care plecasera in vasta explorare.

Imi mai aminteam ca cei vechi facusera o regula inca de la primele explorari, respectata cu sfintenie inca de pe atunci: nimeni nu avea permisiunea sa-i scoata pe exploratori din staza, oricata neplacere ar fi trecut pe chipurile lor adormite si oricate orori ar fi aratat ecranele conectate la creierile lor. Oricum cei din staza visau intr-un ritm accelerat si pana apareea interpretarea datelor ca imagini pentru tehnicieni, cei ce creau experiente explorau deja alta viata. De aceea se instaurase regula ca nimeni sa nu ii poata intoarce pe cei plecati inainte ca ei sa decida astfel. Adica sa intentioneze ei insisi starsiul propriei explorari.

Nimeni nu ma putea intoarce nici pe mine. Uitasem cu totul asta si acum eram aici plangandu-ma cui, tocmai fratelui meu mai mic ca vreau sa ma intorc, ca nu mai pot indura si e prea greu. Tocmai lui, care ma rugase cu cerul si cu pamantul sa nu plec in explorare. Are dreptate! Chiar ca am creierii varza!

Se-nsera si norii devenira si mai violent colorati. Simteam nevoia sa fiu singur ca sa-mi adun gandurile.

- Ma duc putin inauntru, am spus si l-am vazut incuviintand din cap fara alte comentarii. Parea prea epuizat sa vorbeasca, dizolvat intr-o tristete absoluta si stiam ca nu am nimic plin de speranta care sa-i dea putere.*

M-am imaginat in interior si decorul se conforma cu rapiditate. Totusi "inauntru" nu era fundamental diferit de afara: o gramada de plante si flori oriunde te uitai si nelipsitele frunze, aici albastrui, rasfirate pe podea. Printre ele se intrezarea o ceata intunecata: tocmai norii de afara, adumbriti de precara constructie.

- Drace, nici aici nu exista podele! Usoara mea frica de inaltimi isi arata discret cornitzele. "Ce-or avea cei de aici impotriva materialelor de constructie?" am gandit inciuat. Sa stai cu capul in nori mai era cum era, dar era cu totul impotriva firii, sa stai si cu picioarele.*

Contemplam dezgustat podeaua cand ceva stralucitor din incapere mi-a atras privirea. Un fel de stalp de lumina difuza se contura intr-o parte a incintei si in centrul lui un ou alb opac care scanteia ca un

diamant. Cumva stiam ca apartinuse mamei si ca era foarte important, pentru ca era atat de strans legat de ea, dar oricat ma trudeam nu reuseam sa-mi amintesc nimic altceva. In "vitrina" asta ad-hoc, facuta doar din lumina si campuri de energie (parca-l auzeam pe praslea: "Si din ce altceva ai vrea sa fie facuta?") existau si alte astfel de oua, unele albe, altele negre, care pareau de vechimi diferite. Unele ceva mai vechi si mai pale decat cel alb-scanteietor, altele si mai vechi, pana la unele care se dezintegraseră in parte si isi pierduseră complet stralucirea si chiar forma ovoidala. Toate asezate in stalpul de lumina la diferite inaltimi si distante fata de centru, niciunul atat de frumos ca cel alb. M-am gandit la colectia de pietre semi-pretioase a lui Mazarin "Poate cei de aici au colectii similare", am conchis intr-un final, "Poate mamei ii placea sa cutureiere locuri indepartate si lua suveniruri, precum turistii americani de pe alte meleaguri."

Retragandu-ma, m-am mai uitat pentru ultima data la oul sclipitor: avea ceva care ma misca pana la lacrimi, probabil mamei ii placuse sa stea aici sa-l admire, dar oricat as fi incercat nu puteam sa-mi amintesc nimic despre asta.

Nu reuseam, in austeritatea dinauntru sa recunosc nimic apartinand mie, mezinului sau mamei. Un generator de materie, un distrugator de materie si multe generatoare de camp care simulau pereti interiori, locuri de asezat si de dormit, mese si pana si bai imense, toate alcatuite din camp energetic si nelipsitul său camuflaj floral.

"De ce sa-ti incarci casa, daca poti redecorea in fiecare zi altfel?", parea sa fie filosofia zilei aici.

Am gasit, intr-un ungher de meditatie, generatorul meu de vieti impreuna cu colectia de vieti care-mi placuseră atat inainte de a pleca. Ma trecu un fior la amintirea pasiunii cu care le-am trait si retrait pe fiecare, dar erau ale altora si oricat de intens as fi trait fiecare sentiment, fiecare creatie, fiecare descoperire ca si cum ar fost ale mele, atunci cand ma deconectam nu eram decat un oarecare hranindu-se din pasiunea si triumful altora.

De asta am plecat: ca sa ma masor cu mine, sa dau dovada valorii mele adevarate, oricare ar fi ea. Si cum ma intorc? Cu mainile goale! "Niici macar!", imi zic privind structura energetica a palmelor mele.

Resimt o urgenta in a ma intoarce la institut si a ma asigura ca corpul meu e acolo in buna stare. Dorinta si nevoia mea de a ma reintregi cu corpul sunt atat de intense ca ma trezesc dintr-o data, fara alte preliminarii si intentionari, chiar in fata recipientului care pastreaza in conditii ideale corpul meu. In ciuda cetii, care-mi voaleaza trasaturile si ascunde detaliile. par destul de integ si in buna stare. Rasuflu usurat si frica mea de adineaori mi se pare absurda: in milenii de functionare institutul n-a pierdut pe nimeni. N-o sa se-inceapa chiar cu mine!

— Daca ati vrea sa veniti putin ..., zice o voce calda chiar langa mine.

Ma intorc putin si o vad pe tehiciană responsabilă cu explorarea mea.

Ma conformez inciuat ca m-au reperat déjà, speram sa raman singur putin mai mult sa am timp sa-mi fac ordine-n ganduri. Intram intr-o incapere care respira un aer sobru, oficial fara frunze, flori si decoratii complicate. Pana si generatoarele de camp sunt aproape invizibile singurul lucru care le tradeaza e palparea palid-albicioasa formeaza un model simplu pe podea si peretii pentru o data opaci. Ma simt bine in scest birou, care macar incearca sa dea senzatia de soliditate.

Rasuflu usurat, asa n-o sa ma uit nelinistit prin podea la haul de afara.

— Ma tem ca dr. X e ocupata deocamdata si va trebui s-o asteptati, zise si disparu. („Dr X, dr. X, dr. X”, ma scotocesc prin memorie. Numele asta nu-mi spune nimic. Bineinteles ca, in loc de dr. X, ea rostise o complicatenie bine plescaita de titluri profesionale si un nume cu sonoritati iztaizate, probabil provenea dintr-o veche familie indigena, m-am gandit automat)

Ramas singur, cum imi dorisem, am inceput sa ma uit prin camera „O camera ca toate camerele”, m-am gandit entuziasmat, „o camera cu un inceput si un sfarsit definit, cu pereti si podea”. Mi-era clar ca staturesem prea mult in explorare, daca dezvoltasem asa preferinte si temeri copilaresti.

Cat de greu o sa-mi fie sa ma acomodez la intoarcere? Daca o sa fie vreo reintoarcere, gandesc brusc deznadajduit. Ca sa-mi alung gandurile negre ma uit prin camera, lasata la cheremul meu. Imi atrage atentia imediat un stalp de lumina, similar cu cel de acasa, impodobit cu aceleasi oua curioase, dar de data asta in centrul atentie statea un magnific ou negru, care sclipea de-ti lua ochii, imprastiind mii de scanteieri delicate prin jur. Nici macar nu-ti dadeai seama daca era vorba de ceva natural sau artificial. Nu ma emotiona precum cel de acasa, asa ca am presupus ca nu are legatura cu stimularea emotiilor, asa cum imi trecuse prin ca privind la oul mamei cel alb.

– *Stau mai mult aici, decat acasa, se auzi o voce cu tonul unei scuze.*

Ma intorc si o vad. O recunosc imediat.

– *Dr. X, zic eu cordial, imi pare bine sa va revad.*

Si nu mint deloc; o simpatizasem inca inainte de a pleca. Era totdeauna plina de intelegere si bunavointa, iar orice discutie impreuna se transforma intr-o adevarata odihna pentru mine. Era o persoana extrem de placuta si rafinata. „Nu era de mirare ca avea si ea o vitrina la fel decorata ca a mamei”, m-am gandit.

– *Angkorr, dragule, spuse simplu, imi pare rau ca ai dat de greu!*

Angkorr, desigur. Cat de vraiste sa fii sa-ti uiti propriu nume. O mie de sentimente ma napadesc simultan.

– *Vad ca aveti aceleasi gusturi cu privire la pietrele semi-pretioase ca si mama mea, zic ca sa deturnez discutia si sa am timp sa-mi linistesc uraganul de emotii.*

– *Pietre semi-pretioase, ma ingana ea nedumerita. Vad c-ai uitat ...*

Vine langa mine intr-o pornire atat de sincer compatimtoare, incat simt ca m-ar imbratisa daca ar putea.

– *Angkorr, dragule, acestea, spuse aratand spre minunatia neagra si sclipitoare din centru, sunt ramasitele tatalui meu, iar acestia, sunt stramosii mei, ma lamuri ea facand un gest vag spre celelalte pietre.*

Simt ca ma prabusesc pe dinauntru. Acum inteleg de ce oul cel alb mi se parea atat de intim legat de amintirea mamei.

Sesizadu-ma, parca, incapabil sa-i raspund si dorind sa-mi ofere un ragaz, continua cu un ton de autorepros:

– *Stiu ca ar trebui sa fie pastrate acasa, dar, in ultima vreme, cu „epidemia” asta de explorari, eu stau mai mult aici si am decis sa le aduc unde imi petrec cel mai mult timp. Nici nu mai stiu decand nu am mai dat pe acasa, ca sa fiu cinstita, zise in final cu un aer obosit.*

Cred ca sinceritatea asta dezarmanta, e ceea ce m-a atras in primul rand la ea. O privesc atent si observ ca pare intr-adevar cu mult mai obosita decat atunci cand am cunoscut-o.

Are patina de epuizare resemnata a omului care face de dimineatza pana seara tot ce maximum posibil e capabil sa faca si tot nu e destul. „E destul cand hotarasti tu insuti ca e destul” imi vine in cap o vorba inteleapta. Ii impartasesc zicala asta in legatura cu munca ei si primesc in schimb umbra unui zambet asa de trist ca ar putea induiosia inima unui gealat. Realizez dintr-o data de ce mi-e atat de familiara prezenta ei: in universul in care ma simt prizonier, prietena mea cea mai buna ii seamana izbitor de mult. E o tendinta naturala a exploratorilor sa aduca personaje familiare in lumile inchipuie, dar m-as fi gandit ca o cunosc prea putin si prea formal ca s-o imaginez ca pe o prietena atat de apropiata.

O privesc cu atentie sa va cat de bine seamana. Se simte studiata si imi arunca o privire in care sacaiala se intalneste cu curiozitatea. Ii spun ca e copia fidela a prietenei mele bune din explorare.

– *Sau invers, mi-o intoarce ea razand.*

O observ așa cum e acum: destinsa, senina, amuzata. E prima data când o vad fără armura profesională și pare ca îi shade grozav de bine așa brusc întinerită, extrem de feminină, o atitudine pusă pe șotii și o sclipire sagalnică în ochi. Ma gândesc ca merita să fie așa mai mereu, nu doar pentru o clipă când nu-și mai simte povara și hotărăsc să încerc eu, ca prieten, să-i aduc bucurie-n priviri. Deocamdată o vad înourându-se din nou.

– *Angkor, dragule, mi-e imposibil să te scot din staza în momentul asta, oricât n-ai vrea să mai rămâi acolo.*

Se apuca să-mi înshire fineturi tehnice și logistice mult peste puterea mea de înțelegere. După un timp își da seama că nu înțeleg nimic din explicațiile ei și tace stăjenită. Ma simt atât de descurajat și mi se pare atât de tragic să mă întorc în iadul din care vin că nu mai găsesc taria să articulez macar un singur sunet. Cu ultimile puteri mă imbarbez să intenționez să mă întorc în explorare, dar mă simt de parcă mi-as semna condamnarea la o soartă mai rea ca moartea.

Ma trezesc acasă, pe Pamant, cu inima încă și mai neagră decât atunci când am plecat în meditație. Ma cufund în cel mai amar sentiment de neputință și tristețe și, că tot nu mai am pentru cine brava, încep să plâng după pofta inimii.

Dana mi-a spus că nu pot termina istoria asta așa. La momentul respectiv am ignorat orice aluzie a ei și au fost cateva. Ideea e că nu poți face pe cineva să creeze un happy end doar pentru că tu, în calitate de cititor și om, ai nevoie să ti se ofere speranță.

Doar că ceva intim legat de sufletul nostru, îngropat în structura realității, nu ne lasă niciodată să ne pierdem cu totul în disperare. Poate e un mecanism de siguranță al spiritului, un soi de reminder a ceea ce suntem cu adevărat: exploratori.

Asa că, iată-mă, două luni mai târziu, continuând. Ce s-a întâmplat între timp? Nimic! Absolut nimic! În afara faptului că am înțeles că suntem liberi și în cea mai adâncă sclavie și în cel mai întunecat cosmar. Suntem crescuți pentru nevoile societății sau ale grupului sau ale familiei, dar, de fapt, suntem, am fost și vom fi liberi tot timpul. Și dacă pare altfel, asta-i doar o iluzie.

Sunt liberă să-mi continui aventura și atata timp cât o fac nimanui nu-i pasa cum o fac. E ceva în adâncul nostru care ne împinge înainte. Ceva ca un simțământ împotriva caruia nu putem lupta pentru că are legătura cu identitatea noastră cea mai adâncă, cea de descoperitori. Societatea și experiențele noastre legate de ea ne pervertesc cunoașterea asta adânc sădită în fiecare din noi. Ne fac să jucăm o gramadă de roluri convenționale care folosesc doar status quo-ul social, ca și cum meme-urile sociale s-ar folosi de ultimul dram de energie și constientizare al fiecăruia dintre noi ca să supraviețuiască. Am făcut trei ani îngrozitori de contabilitate doar pentru că statul, o organizație sau un particular să mă folosească în calitate de scrib modern. Am crescut ca să-mi găsesc locul în societate, adică să fiu folosită de societate la nevoile ei. Nu am crescut ca stăpan, ci ca SCLAV. E timpul să ies din piesa asta proastă scrisă de alții și să mă revendic ca stăpan.

Tot efortul meu constient va fi, de acum încolo, să descopăr iluziile în itele cărora m-am incurcat și să-mi construiesc, pe ruinele celei vechi, o nouă realitate, care să sustină noua mea identitate de STAPAN. VREAU două lucruri: să fie pace, oriunde – și înăuntru și în afara mea – și mai VREAU să progrez în orice domeniu să alege să-mi acord atenția. Nu mai vreau jocul de a place societății, oamenilor, grupurilor. Jocul de-a conformatul-performatul s-a încheiat pentru totdeauna pentru mine și a fost nevoie doar să decid asta că să se întâmple așa.

Dana dragă, conformatul și performatul s-au terminat pentru totdeauna, așa că, dacă nu-ți place încheierea asta, ai destule foi vituale să-ți scrii o altă! Tu!

Greselile nu fac parte din stil, dar Urasc din rarunchi să citesc ce am scris! E ca și cum ai corecta la tropice o sculptură în gheață. Destula nebulie că ai sculptat-o, acum să vrei să și fie perfectă!!? Oricum ce ai terminat de scris nu te mai reprezintă!